Gender Talks

Mari Lopez
Humboldt State University

Ollie Winfield-Perez
Humboldt State University

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/courageouscuentos

Part of the Bilingual, Multilingual, and Multicultural Education Commons, Chicana/o Studies Commons, Civic and Community Engagement Commons, Community-Based Learning Commons, Creative Writing Commons, Curriculum and Instruction Commons, Domestic and Intimate Partner Violence Commons, Educational Sociology Commons, Ethnic Studies Commons, Feminist, Gender, and Sexuality Studies Commons, Gender and Sexuality Commons, History Commons, Inequality and Stratification Commons, Latin American Languages and Societies Commons, Latina/o Studies Commons, Modern Literature Commons, Politics and Social Change Commons, Race and Ethnicity Commons, Reading and Language Commons, and the Theory, Knowledge and Science Commons

Recommended Citation

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial 4.0 License
© 2016 Department of Critical Race, Gender & Sexuality Studies (CRGS) at Humboldt State University.
This Collective Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at Digital Commons @ Humboldt State University. It has been accepted for inclusion in CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Humboldt State University. For more information, please contact kyle.morgan@humboldt.edu.
It is not about clear guidelines of who I am. 
You need to understand gender is fluid. 
My own self conception 
out of sight 
erased by colonization. 

We have long conversations where I use poetic words to help you understand me. 
I am not who you thought I was 
you see me slipping across your borders. 
And you panic. 
It is messy and confusing for me too. 

How can I describe something I’m not sure about? 
You categorize me, 
I can sense your fear and taste it on your lips. 
You’re worried I’m questioning my gender, 
maybe I’ll detransition or something. 

In the most loving way, it is not your place for advice or to fix me. 
You need to stop those assumptions. 
It is how I carry myself, my soul 
it is not about my inability to grow a beard, or an ugly soul patch 
it is not just about my tits. 

These thoughts hit a brick wall trying to exit, 
where gender hides under a paper-thin rug. 
I don’t want to talk about my gender with you, 
yet your anxious words- quick to heal me. 

We float into a comfortable ease thinking we know each other. 
But there’s weeks and months where you can’t read my mind. 
You ask me “Are you okay?”
How can you make me comfortable enough to share?
  Vulnerable.
  Inside myself, I decipher on the daily.
  I want to communicate,
  but you need to understand that the English language cannot
  adequately explain or describe my gender.

  If you panic, if you freeze, hide it, don't let me see.
  Your assumptions hold me fixed,
  and although there is genuine concern and support;
  in the most loving way, it is not your place for advice or to fix me.

  After this poem thing happens,
  if your image of me is shattered
    -dis-rupt-and-
  don't make assumptions.
  We feel with all our being.
  Loving with my ancestors' knowledge,
  walking with energies that love, hope, and heal.